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HOW KAISER WILHELM'S SISTER WAS WON.

It will be remembered that Emperor William the First, of Germany, immediately after the preliminaries of peace had been signed at Versailles, sent to St. Petersburg a telegram in which he expressed to the Czar his gratitude for the friendly attitude which Russia had maintained during the progress of the Franco-Prussian war, and in which he frankly admitted that Germany was indebted to this sincere friendship for his powerful Eastern neighbor for the comparatively limited dimensions of the gigantic conflict. Unquestionably the political interests of Russia, and above all, her well-known policy in the Eastern question, have mainly contributed to her partiality for Prussia; but not an insignificant share in this partiality must also be attributed to personal considerations. To that near relationship, which for upward of half a century has existed between the dynasties of Russia and Prussia, for Alexander the Second, the present Emperor of Russia, is a son of the Princess Charlotte of Prussia, the sister of the present Emperor of Germany.

The betrothal and marriage of this princess with Nicholas, who was then only a grand duke, but became afterward Emperor of Russia, forms one of the sweetest and most romantic love episodes in the world of European courts, which is usually so devoid of love and romance, and would, on that account alone, deserve being remembered, quite regardless of the historical interest which will henceforth adhere to all the members of the family of the conqueror of France.

Princess Charlotte was born in the year 1798, and was the eldest daughter of King Frederick William the Third of Prussia, and his beautiful and accomplished wife, Queen Louise. Her early childhood elapsed amidst scenes of terror and humiliation for the royal family of Prussia, and nobly; would at that time have ventured to predict for her the brilliant career which Providence kept in store for this child, born and brought up under such fatal auspices. We might indeed, make an exception in favor of her mother, who, with that prophetic intuition which seems to have been the distinguishing feature of that high-minded woman, wrote one day to her father, the Duke of Mecklenburg, the following lines about her daughter:

"Charlotte is given to silence and reserve, but under apparent coldness she conceals a warm and loving heart. Her indifference and pride are but the dull outside of a diamond of the purest water, which some day will shine forth in its brilliant lustre. Her bearing manners are noble and dignified. She has but few friends, but these few are warmly attached to her. I know her value and predict for her a brilliant future, if she lives long enough."

The young princess was, indeed, a very frail and delicate creature—one of those tender flowers which seem to wait for the kind hand of the gardener to transplant them into a warmer clime. She was charming and handsome; but her beauty was rather that of a pale lily than that of a blooming rose.

Charlotte was just sixteen, when, in the year 1814, the Grand Duke Nicholas, on his way to the camp of the allied armies in France, passed through Berlin, and was warmly welcomed as an honored guest at the royal palace.

The description of those who saw and knew the grand duke at that time have given of the incomparable graces of his person and mind make it easy for us to imagine that the heart of a young girl just budding into womanhood was captivated and charmed by him almost at first sight. Well he might have said, like Caesar, "I came, I saw, I conquered." The princess fell in love with him, and, fortunately for her, the young grand duke returned her love full as passionately.

The Grand Duke Nicholas had the reputation of being one of the handsomest if not the very handsomest man of his times; and his majestic and stately form, which measured no less than six feet and two inches, was considered unequalled in beauty, not only in Russia, but in all Europe. He was vigorous, strong, full of life and health, with broad shoulders and chest, while his small hands and feet were of the most aristocratic elegance; his whole figure realized the perfect model of manly and commanding beauty which the divine art of a sculptor of antiquity has immortalized under the features of the Apollo Belvedere. His features were of the Grecian cast—forehead and nose formed a straight line—and his large, sincere eyes showed a singular combination of composure, sternness, self-reliance and pride, among which it would have been difficult for the observer to name the predominant expression. Those who would have looked closely and attentively into those remarkable eyes would have easily believed that their threatening glances would suffice to suppress a rebellion, to terrify and disarm a murderer, or to frighten away a suppliant; but there would have been but few to believe that the sternness of these eyes could ever be so carefully softened as to beam forth nothing but love and kindness. Among these few was, however, the young Prussian princess, who, had drunk deep in their intoxicating fervor. It is true that she was the only person in the world in whose presence the Olympian gravity of his features gave way to a radiant cheerfulness, which made his manly beauty perfectly irresistible. In such moments his magnificent brow, always the seat of meditation and thought, exhibited the serene beauty and Attic grace of a young Athenian—the serious Pericles seemed, by the invisible wand of a magician, to have transformed into the youthful Alcibiades.

Such is the flattering portrait which his contemporaries have drawn of the personal appearance of the Grand Duke Nicholas at the time of his arrival at Berlin.

At that time, however, the matchless personal charms of the Grand Duke were

not enhanced by political prospects of the most exalted character. He was not even eventually considered as heir to the imperial crown of Russia. It is true, Alexander the First, his brother, had no children, but in the case of his death, which could not be expected soon, the Grand Duke Constantine was to inherit the throne of Peter the Great, and leave to Nicholas at best but the position of a first prince of the blood. Nevertheless, Frederick William, charmed alike by the beauty and intellect of his guest, and by the hope of uniting the sovereign houses of Prussia and Russia by the close ties of a family union, greeted the prospect of a marriage between the Grand Duke and his daughter with enthusiasm, especially when he discovered that the young folks themselves were very fond of each other.

The king then delicately insinuated to his daughter, that if she had taken a liking to the Grand Duke, and had reason to believe that the prince entertained similar feelings toward her, their marriage would meet with no objection on his part.

But the young princess, although secretly delighting in a hope which so fully responded to the secret wishes of her heart, was either too proud or too bashful to confess to her father her love for the Grand Duke, who had not yet made any declaration to her.

In this manner the day approached which the Grand Duke was to leave Berlin. On the eve of his departure a grand gala supper was given in his honor at the royal palace, and by way of accident or policy, the young Princess Charlotte was seated by the side of her distinguished admirer.

The Grand Duke was uncommonly taciturn during the evening. His high forehead was clouded, and his gloomy eyes seemed to follow in the space vague phantoms flitting before his imagination. Repeatedly he neglected to reply to questions addressed to him, and when he was asked to respond to a toast which one of the loyal princess had proposed in his honor, he seemed to awake from a profound dream which had entirely withdrawn him from his surroundings.

Suddenly, as if by a mighty effort of his will, he turned to his fair neighbor, and whispered so as only to be understood by her:

"So I shall leave Berlin to-morrow!"

He paused abruptly, and looked at the princess as if he was waiting for an answer which expressed sorrow and grief on her part. But the princess was fully as proud as the Grand Duke, and overcoming the violent throbbing of her heart she said politely to him:

"We are all very sorry to see you go, but imperial highness leaves us so soon. Would it not have been possible for you to defer your departure?"

"You will be very sorry?" muttered the Grand Duke, not entirely satisfied with the vagueness of her reply which the words of the princess implied. "But you in particular, madame?" he added, after some hesitation. "For it will depend on you alone whether I shall stay here or depart."

"Ah!" replied Charlotte, with her sweetest smile, "and what have I to do to keep your imperial highness here?"

"You must permit me to address my admiration and homage to you."

"Is that all?"

"And you must encourage me to please you."

"That is much more difficult," said the princess, with a deep flush, but at the same time her eyes beamed forth so much affection and delight that the prince could see at a glance that his fondest hopes had been realized beforehand.

"During my short stay at Berlin," the Grand Duke continued, in the same tone of voice. "I have taken pains to study your character and your affections, and this study has satisfied me that you render me very happy, while on the other hand, I have some qualities which would secure your own happiness."

The princess was overcome by her emotion, and in her confusion did not know what to answer. At last she said, "but here, in the presence of the whole court, at the public table, you put such a question to me?"

"Oh," replied the prince, "you need not make any verbal reply. It will be sufficient for you to give me some pledge of your affection. I see there on your hand a small ring, the most precious make me very happy. Give it to me."

"What do you think of it? Here in the presence of a hundred spectators?"

"Ah, it can be easily done without being seen by any body. Now we are chatting so quietly with each other that there is no one among the guests who suspects in the least what we are speaking about. Press the ring into a morsel of bread and leave it on the table; I will take the talisman, and nobody will notice it."

"This ring is really a talisman."

"I expected so. May I hope to hear its history?"

"Ah! and pray what were they?"

"The words engraved upon the inside were, 'Empress of Russia.' This ring had undoubtedly been presented by an Empress of Russia to the relative of Mrs. Wildermatt, for I was told that both this lady and her mother had formerly belonged to the household of the czar, your august grand-mother."

"This is really remarkable," said the Grand Duke, thoughtfully. "I am quite superstitious, and I am really inclined to regard this ring, if I should be happy enough to receive it from you as a pledge of your love, as an omen of very auspicious significance."

In answer to this second and even more direct appeal to her heart, the princess took a small piece of bread, played carefully with it, and managed to press the ring deep into the soft crumbs. Then she dropped it playfully on the table quite close to the plate of her neighbor. And after this adroit exhibition of her skill, as an actress, she continued to eat as unconcerned as if she had performed the most insignificant action of her life.

With the same apparent coolness and indifference, the Grand Duke picked up the bread inclosing the ring, took the latter off of its ingenious envelope, and concealed it in his breast, for it was too small to fit any of his fingers. It was this ring—both the pledge of Charlotte's love and the auspicious omen of his own elevation to the imperial dignity—which Nicholas wore on a golden chain around his neck to the very last day of his life, and which, if he was not mistaken, has even descended with him into the vault of his ancestors.

Three years after, in 1817, Princess Charlotte, then only nineteen years of age, and in the full splendor of beauty and happiness, made her entry into St. Petersburg by the side of her husband, whose eye had never looked prouder, and whose Olympian brow had never been more serene than at this happiest moment of his life. As he looked down upon the vast multitude which had flocked together from all parts of the vast empire to greet the young princess with shouts and rejoicings, and then again upon his fair young bride, perhaps the inscription of the ring occurred to his mind; for, bending his head quite close to the ear of Charlotte, he whispered:

"Now empress of the hearts, and some day perhaps empress of the realm."

At this moment the procession reached the main entrance of the White Palace, where Alexander the First, the Emperor, surrounded by a brilliant suit of generals and courtiers, came to meet the beautiful sister-in-law, and conducted her into the sumptuous drawing-room of the magnificent palace of the Czars. Who would believe that eight short years afterward the brilliant young Emperor would breathe his last, and that Nicholas and Charlotte would succeed him on the throne of Russia? Truly the inscription of the engagement-ring had proven prophetic!

Two Busy Men.

There are two busy men in the United States. One is of course Heracles Greeley who turns off manuscript, such as it is, at the rate of fifteen folio pages an hour, who is at the Tribune office at 12 o'clock at night, who attends all the political and half the philanthropical conventions for fifty miles around, who lectures three times a week, writes personally for forty correspondents a day, chops wood at Chippewa all day Sunday, and generally has a book in press for which he turns out MS. at the rate of two pages a day. Besides this, he finds time to write editorials and pamphlets against indiscriminate charity, and to give every cent of his money to indiscriminate beggars between paragraphs.

The other busy man is Everett Hale, whose other things too numerous to mention in the Golden Age. He says Mr. Hale has entered the lecture-field not because he is a lecturer, but a minister of one of the largest churches in the city, the editor of the largest monthly magazine in the country, the chief editorial contributor to a religious paper, a writer of stories for two magazines, the leader of a theological club, the head, heart and hand of thirteen distinct and separate charities, the teacher of history and religion to a class of young ladies, an active officer in some twenty important societies and institutions, one of the leading managers of a denomination, the chosen mouth-piece of every new movement and reform, the favorite speaker at all public meetings, from an agricultural fair to an anniversary of the academy of science and art, a probable candidate for Congress, besides other things too numerous to mention, all of which receives a full share of his attention, the only thing he can do with his unoccupied time to protect himself from the blight and mildew of idleness is to enter the lecture field. His subject has not yet been announced, but we presume it will be 'The Man Without an Occupation' a sequel to 'The Man Without a Country.' If he lectures as well as he writes, lyceum audiences may congratulate themselves upon securing the one-hundredth part of a man, who keeps a hundred irons in the fire and was never known to let one get beyond the true white heat.—Chicago Post.

The oldest house in Connecticut having recently been knocked into splinters by a stroke of lightning, the next oldest house is jubilant.

The other day a little son of a well-known bank officer in Wall street lost his purse while coming from Central Park, and a stranger seeing his discomfiture, paid him five, three cents. The boy thanking him, said, "If you will tell me your name, sir, I will bring it to you to-morrow." "Oh, no," said the gentleman, "never mind about it."

Anecdote of Napoleon.

The evening before the battle of Ulm, when Napoleon the First, in company with Marshal Berthier, was walking incognito through the camp and listening to the talk of his soldiers, he saw in a group not far off, a grenadier of the Guard, who was roasting some potatoes in the ashes.

"I should like a roast potato above all things," said the Emperor to the Marshal; "ask the owner of them if he will sell one."

In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group and asked to whom the potatoes belonged. A grenadier stepped forward and said:

"They are mine."

"Will you sell me one?"

"I have only five, and that's hardly enough for my supper."

"I will give you two Napoleons if you will sell me one."

"I don't want your gold; I shall be killed, perhaps, to-morrow, and I don't want the enemy to find me with an empty stomach."

Berthier reported the soldier's answer to the Emperor, who was standing a little in the background.

"Let's see if I shall be luckier than you," said the latter, and going up close to the grenadier, he asked him if he would sell him one of his potatoes.

"Not by a long shot," answered the grenadier; "I haven't enough for myself."

"But you may set your own price. Come—I am hungry and haven't eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough for myself—besides all that, do you think I know you in spite of all of your disguises?"

"Who am I, then?"

"Bah! the little corporal, as they call him, isn't it right?"

"Well, since you know, you will sell me a potato?"

"No; but if you would have me come and dine with you, when we get back to Paris, you may go and sup with me to-night."

"Done!" said Napoleon. "On the word of a little corporal, on the word of an Emperor."

"Well and good. Our potatoes ought to be done by this time; there are the two largest ones, the rest I'll eat myself."

The Emperor sat down to his potatoes, and returned with Berthier to his tent, merely remarking:

"The rogue is a good soldier, I'll warrant."

Two months afterwards, Napoleon the Great, was in the midst of a brilliant campaign at the palace of the Tuilleries, and was just sitting down to dine, when word was brought him that grenadier was without trying to force the guard at the door, saying that he had been invited by the Emperor.

"Let him come in," said his majesty. The soldier entered, presented arms, said to the Emperor:

"Do you remember once having supped with me off my potatoes?"

"O, is that you? Yes, yes, I remember," said the Emperor, and so you have come to dine with me, have you? Rustle, lay another cover on your table for this brave fellow."

Again the soldier presented arms and said:

A grenadier of the Guards does not eat with lackeys. Your majesty told me that I should dine with you—that was the bargain, and trusting to your word I have come hither."

"True, true," said the Emperor. "lay a cover here, near me; lay aside your arms, mon ami, and draw up to the table." Dinner over, the grenadier went at his usual pace, took up his carbine, and turning to the Emperor, presented arms and said:

France as it is.

Hon. Wm. A. GAILLARD, of Erie, Penn., in a letter dated Lyons, April 10, paints the following picture of affairs in France:

Paris is left to the mercy of the most abandoned and reckless gang of ruffians to be found in the world. At last advice they had plundered the Madeleine and other churches, as well as banks and private dwellings. It is utterly astounding and incredible that a nation of thirty millions of people should permit its capital city to be plundered with impunity by a comparative handful of convicts and scoundrels such as now rule Paris. In any other country such usurpation would be visited with swift punishment. Anywhere but France the people would rise up as one man and sweep such a wretched imposture into the sea.

But as you are not here to see it for yourself, you can hardly understand the hopelessness of the situation. A more utterly frivolous people there cannot be anywhere. There is no seriousness, no grave appreciation of the responsibility of the citizens apparent. The masses are just as gay, and just as indifferent as if no war had taken place, and as if no civil strife was now going on.

Accounts from Paris represent that theaters are open, and the cafes and boulevards are as thronged as ever. The property owners and real men of this city seem to be utterly powerless and paralyzed against the rowdy, ruffian element, that, under pretense of patriotism, has taken the government of the city into its hands.

It is exceedingly unfortunate for the cause of Republicanism in France that such men are its chief supporters, and that now, as well as in former years, the worst crimes have been committed in the name of that cause. The result is, I have no doubt, that to-day a large majority of the substantial people, professional, agricultural, manufacturing and mercantile are monarchists. Naturally their idea of Republicanism is lawlessness.

Napoleon gave to France twenty years of peace and prosperity, which only came to an end when he weakly permitted this same perverse, restless, turbulent element to force him into the foreign war that proved to be his downfall. It is a serious question, from what I have seen of the French people, whether they are capable of maintaining a Republic such as ours. They are so very different from the Americans; and I verily believe would have a revolution and a fight every time they elected a new President. However, we will see. Perhaps I do them injustice in the estimate I have formed of their ability of self-government. We are obliged to come through Marselles on our way here, and for some days waited at Nice, on account of the insurgents raising at that place (Marselles).

Finally we came, rather than to go back to Genoa and round through Switzerland. We found the depot full of the regular troops, who had stormed and taken it the day before, and had also had a severe fight in the center of the city, in which many were killed and wounded. The Prefecture being finally carried at the point of the bayonet, and some 500 prisoners taken and consigned to Chateau d'If you have probably seen in the papers. Many wounded were in and about the depot. We would have visited Marselles, but could not, the portals being all closed in a possibility of fresh disturbances. So we came on at once, glad to get past it. Lyons has had some troubles, but not to any extent as Marselles. A strong military guard keeps constant watch over all public buildings. Yesterday there was a fire, and instantly the drums beat and large forces of soldiers took possession of the streets about the place to repress any raising of the turbulent element that might have taken advantage of such an opportunity of confusion.

For my part, even the people of Alsace and Lorraine being dissatisfied with being turned over to Germany, I think they have great cause for congratulating themselves in their change of nationality. Nothing would induce me to live in such a country as France. There is little security either for person or property, particularly in the cities.

"BUSINESS."—The Sandy Creek News, published the following series of resolutions adopted by the "fair ones" of that village. We'll give them just a month to vote them down. When the picnic and the ice cream socials came along, wouldn't girls be sorry?

Whereas, We the young ladies of Sandy Creek, realizing that the use of tobacco is very injurious, and desiring to do all in our power, to discountenance its use in our village, therefore

Resolved, that we will not accept the company of any young man, who uses tobacco in any form, unless the night is very dark, and the roads muddy, for the space of sixty days from date; also:

Resolved, that we instruct our corresponding secretary, to correspond with young ladies in adjoining towns, with a view of establishing similar institutions, and that we use our influence to induce all to adopt all our principles; also:

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions, be published in the Sandy Creek News, and mailed to every man in the circle of our acquaintance.

We find the following in a dispatch from Des Moines, Iowa, dated 20th ult. Mary Finlayson vs. Chicago, Berlington and Quincy railroad Company, an action for damages for the killing of her husband, while walking on the railroad track; under the instructions of Justice Miller, that a man has no right to walk on the track of a railroad company other than at public crossings or public streets, and that if he does, it is at his own risk, and that if a man be found on their track the railroad company is bound to use all proper means to give him warning; yet if he be killed the company are not liable, the jury rendered a verdict for the railroad company. This is an important case, as there is none like it reported.

Wade Hampton's Home.

I walked on some three miles from the city, and was directed by some children to the hill to the right of the road, where are the ruins of General Hampton's famous residence—famous because beautiful and costly and the former home of the most distinguished descendant of a distinguished family. Before the war the Hamptons were the first of the first families, having descended from a long line of ancestors wealthy and warlike. The old original Hampton was a revolutionary general, and the family have since kept up the reputation gained as fighting stock. I turned from the road, up among the trees, as directed, and in a short distance came to the ruins. The site was magnificent. From the top of this hill or